

# Kalu

*March/April 2020 - 22 December 2020*



*The last picture I took of kaalu. Taken on 21/12/2020.*

Today, on my 20th birthday (22-12-2020), my pet-like cat Kalu died in an accident. A vehicle seemed to have ran over her at night. Dad found her lifeless on the street outside our house when he woke up in the morning. Her eyes were popped-out and blood was spilling over from her mouth.

This lovely kitten and her sibling started appearing around our house in the months of March/April 2020 during the coronavirus pandemic. Her pregnant mother was seen lurking around for a few weeks before that.

When these two were little babies, they used to run around in this waada (chawl) and hide in people's houses. They pooped in people's houses and drew much hatred from them. The More family that lives on the floor above ours fed them and let them stay at their house as these kittens pleased.

This continued for a few months. I used to pet them once in a while but they were too scared of me to let me do that much. I clicked some pictures of the yellow kitten, which was called Pilu. And the black-striped one was named Kalu.



A short time after these pictures were taken, Pilu was killed by a pack of dogs. That hurt a lot. I had gotten used to the kitten. I felt really bad that I couldn't do anything for them. Now it was just Kalu and her mother.

Kalu used to come to our waada every day and go to Yash's house to drink milk. I loved her, but she wouldn't let me come near her, let alone pet her.

After a while of doing this, one day Yash's mom brought Kalu to our house after she saw how much I adored the kitten and sat in our house with it. I was really happy. Kalu was scared to be around new people and wouldn't come close to me or people in my family. Yash's mom sat with her in our house for some time and then went back home after having a small chat with us.

A day or two later, we gave Kalu some milk. She was hesitant at first, but then started drinking milk offered to her freely. She slowly got used to me and my family. In the beginning, we had to offer milk to Kalu if we wanted her to come anywhere near our house. But as time went on, she grew closer to us and would come to our house on her own and ask for milk by meowing while looking at us. We loved her. We gave her milk every day for the past few months. And recently, she started coming inside our house and sitting on the doormat. She sat there like a bunny and looked so cute I couldn't help it but smile a ton.

If she was in sight, I'd make these quick kissing like sound and she'd come running to my house.

She was also really funny. Made us laugh a lot over the past few months. She would sometimes try to run straight into the kitchen or try to go under the bed if she wasn't given milk. She'd make silly crying-like meow sounds, yawned, and sometimes just sat around observing her surroundings.

I used to pet her every day and loved her a lot. She allowed me and my dad to pet her whenever she stopped by for a meal. Sometimes when I brought my finger near her, she'd boop my finger with her nose. Her nose was really cold. Sometimes, after we were done petting her, she'd lick her entire body clean. She also stretched her front and back legs after once she was done drinking milk.

I made my mom give her some milk every time she'd come around. She would do a lot of drama until she wasn't given milk. Once her plate was filled with milk, she'd drink it without any care for what happened around her, and then fled once she was done drinking.

I spent a lot of nights fearing she too might get attacked by the stray dogs like her sibling Pilu. Fortunately, that didn't happen.

She had her own miniature bowl (vaati) for drinking milk. When we brought milk for her to drink, she'd get super excited and would meow extremely loud.

My dad too loved kalu. He told my mom every day to give her milk. He said that animals are speechless and hence can't ask for what they need, so we need to take care of them and fulfil their needs.

My reasoning behind loving her so much and giving her milk every time she came to our house was that feral/stray cats have an extremely difficult life. So I wanted to make whatever life this lovely kitten had good and make her feel loved. I couldn't make her my pet as it wasn't possible/allowed. I did my best to take care of her and now she's gone. I, my family, and the More family loved our Kalu and were saddened by her unexpected death. She'll be missed dearly and will live on in our memories for as long as we live.

In honor of her, my komdi, and countless other animals that I have loved. I will do anything I can to make animals' lives better.

I learned some things from the time I spent with Kalu:

1. Whatever time I get to spend with the people I love, I should make the most of it. I or anyone has no idea of knowing which one might end up being the last.
2. I should click pictures, make videos, and capture audio recordings of those I love. I can't trust my memory to remember them correctly. These digital captures are a great way to look back upon those moments and reminisce.
3. I get love when I give love. Had I been a rude animal hater towards kalu, she'd have feared me and never come close to me. I would've never had the amazing pet I had if I hadn't been loving towards her. I should always seem to be that way.

Here are a few more pictures of my lovely kitten:

- Her sitting on our doormat.



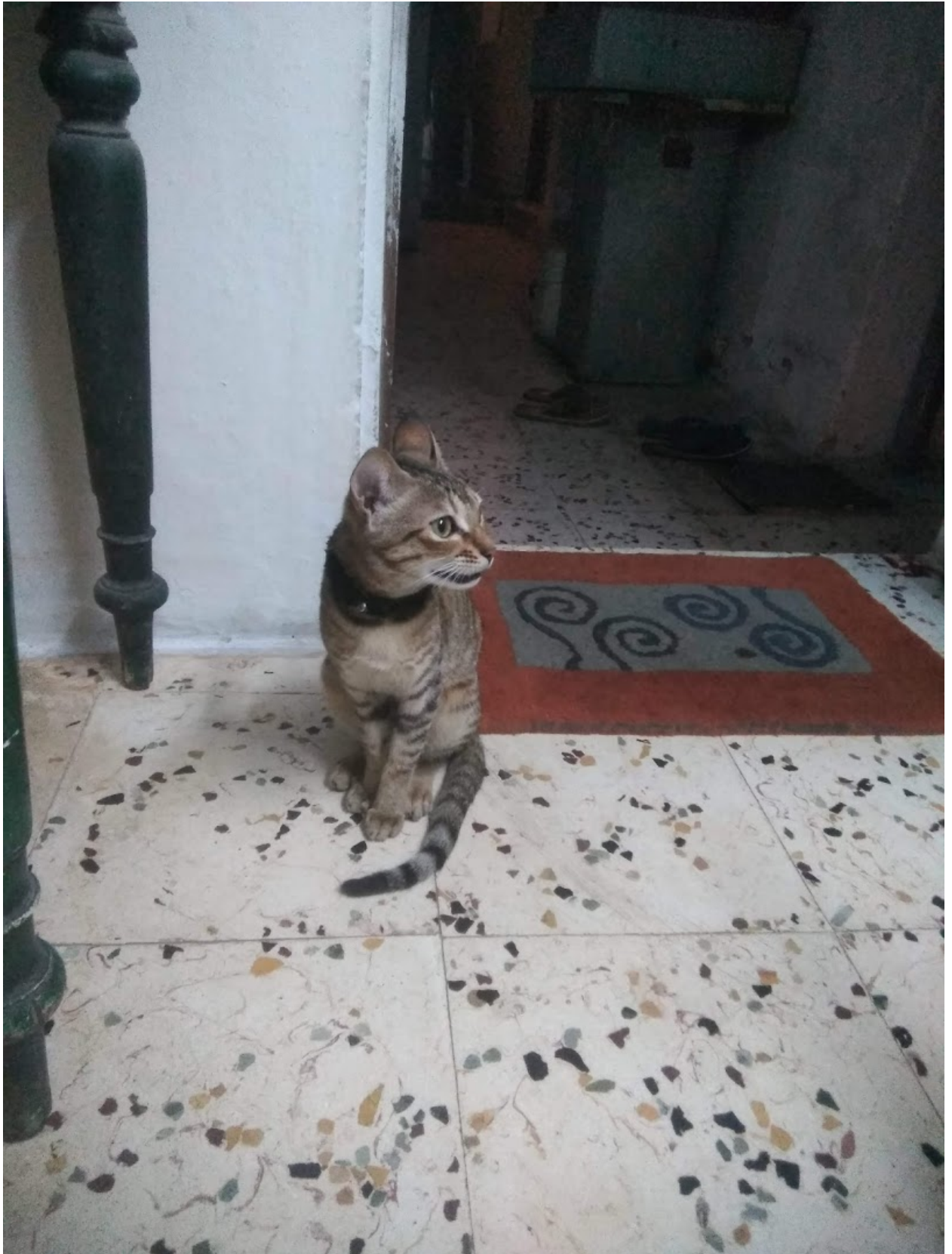
- Her sitting near her milk bowl.



- Her sitting in front of our house



- Her sitting inside our house



- Her milk-plate on the day she died.



*(The More family consists of Yash & Kashish More, the brother and sister pair I used to play with along with my other friends as a kid, and her parents).*